

The Chronicle History

2. *Soul.* But the King hath a heauy reckoning to make,
If his cause be not good; when all those soules
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And say I dyed at such a place. Some swearing;
Some their wiues rawly left;
Some leauing their children poore behinde them.
Now if his cause be bad,
I thinke it will be a greeuous matter to him.

King. Why so you may say, if a man send his seruants
As Factor into another Country,
And he by any meanes miscarry,
You may say the businesse of the Master
Was the author of his seruants mis-fortune.
Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the master is not to answer for his seruant,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects;
For they purpose not their deaths,
When they craue their seruices;
Some there are that haue the gift
Of premeditated murder on them:
Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maidens
Now if these out-strip the law,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadle. War is Gods vengeance:
Euery mans seruice is the Kings:
But euery mans soule is his owne.
Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moth out of his conscience,
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death;
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.

3. *Soul.* Ifaith he saies true,
Euery mans fault is on his owne head,

of Henry the

I would not haue the king answer
Yet I intend to fight lustily for hi
King. Well, I heard the king wol
2. *Soul.* I he said so, to make vs fig
But when our throats be cut, he m
And we neuer the wiser.

King. If I liue to see that, ile neu
2. *Soul.* Masse you'l pay him then
Tis a great displeasure that an eld
Gun can do against a Cannon,
Or a subiect against a Monarch.
You'l nere take his word againe, y

King. Your reproofe is somew
Were it not at this time I could b

2. *Soul.* Why let it be a quarrell

King. How shall I know thee?

2. *Soul.* Here's my gloue, which
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee

King. Here is likewise another
And assure thee ile weare it.

2. *Soul.* Thou dar'st as well be h

3. *Soul.* Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels enow in
We haue no need of English bro

King. Tis no treason to cut Fre
For to morrow the King himselfe

*Enter to the King, Gloucester
and Attendants*

King. O God of battels Steele
Take from them now the fence o
That the apposed multitudes wh
May not appale their courage.
O not too day, not too day O Go

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